
Title: SHIP'S LOGBOOK

Author:

Day 24: Still looking for the miser's treasure. Fair wind and weather all day. The men are as excited as ever. Plundered a passing ship, appropriated some gold and wine. Lost one man in the fight.

Day 31: Very stormy weather and worse at night. No encounter.

Day 32: Uneventful except for repairs from last night's storm.

Day 40: This hideout is not easy to find. The men are becoming nervous.

Day 41: Ice filling the horizon! Temperature hath dropped. We are freezing.

The men complain they have never seen such weather this time of the year. Burning more and more oil to stay warm.

Our provisions are diminishing rapidly.

Day 45: Strange how ice magnifies all. Leaden sky is upon us. On the word of a pirate, we will pierce through this as a sword through soft bellies! A day of dead calm.

Day 54: Was forced to hang a brace of men who stole some food from the cook. The weather combined with our disappointing search for the miser's base hath created an unbearable atmosphere. Ice is surrounding us and it feels as though we are imprisoned in this place.

Day 55: We had a storm last night. Two men were found frozen on the quarter-deck. One man missing. He most likely went overboard due to the dense and damp fog, in that cold, inky black night. This treasure hunt is costing us too many men, and might cost us even more...

Day 56: We are wedged in by an icefloe. Food is running low. Frozen land all around us, the ship is trapped. And so are we.

Day 57: Much arguing about rations. We are down to our last portion. We are but a few survivors, bundled in our rags. The terror of the seas, HA! We would not scare a mouse these days.

Day 58: Finishing each other is what we have been doing for the last twenty-four hours. Such a waste! 'Tis only the two of us now and a portion of food, a single portion of food. Yet I shall not give in!